

I Like You by Harringrovefic

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Summary:

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I Like You

Author's Note:

Idea shamelessly stolen from HTGAWM

“Hey, Harrington!” Billy sauntered up to Steve after basketball practice, the parking lot empty. As co captains, they were always kept back after everyone else to talk to coach. Billy and Steve started up a friendship after some intense apologizing on Billy’s part and then they started up a thing soon after. A sex thing. Steve wasn’t really sure what to call it and Billy was indifferent, but they fucked on a frequent basis. However, they hadn’t fucked in a couple days and Billy was aching to touch the other boy. He’d never admit it but Steve was best lay he’d ever had and he couldn’t go without it for too much longer.

Steve reflexively turned around at the sound of Billy’s call but was facing back the other way and continuing to his car just as quickly.

Billy watched in shock as Harrington retreated. Had he just been rejected? Harrington was always just as eager as him to screw around, what the hell was his problem?

“Har-Harrington, what the fuck?” Billy called, still in disbelief.

“I’m done,” Steve replied simply, over his shoulder. What the fuck did that even mean?

“You-you’re done?” Billy stuttered again.

“Yes,” Steve said turning around to face Billy. “I’m done. I’m real sick and tired of your ‘I don’t care about anything’ attitude. It’s so old. And I’m really, really fucking tired of your ‘I don’t care about you, Harrington’ attitude.” Billy opened his mouth to speak but Steve cut him off. “I know! I know I’m not your ‘fucking girlfriend’ or wife or whatever but we talk and we fuck almost every day and you treat me like I’m absolutely nothing. I’m sick of giving you everything you want when you act like you don’t even like me.” Steve finished angrily, letting out an exasperated breath.

Billy wanted to scoff, to act like Harrington’s words meant shit to him. But that’s what got them where they were now and he was

honestly afraid Steve would really walk away. He couldn't handle that. He valued their friendship and craved their sex. He did like Steve but he also had to protect himself.

"I have to mean something to you cause at the very least, you wouldn't be getting any dick or ass around here if it wasn't for me."

"Hey, I'd get plenty of ass."

"Yeah from a bunch of girls who don't even turn you on."

Silence followed, they stared at one another angrily, daring each other to make a move. Steve took the dare. He turned to leave again.

"Wait!" Billy yelled hastily, then gritted his teeth. Steve turned to him and crossed his arms and looked at Billy expectantly. Damn, Harrington was really making him work for it. Just like he did with everything. Memories of Steve teasing the hell of Billy in bed, making him earn his orgasm, flashed in Billy's mind and he knew he couldn't just let Steve walk away from him. Along with some serious 'therapy' via Joyce Byers, intimidation and constant reminding via Max and Hopper, and understanding via Jane, Steve has been what was keeping Billy's anger at bay. Yes, it's just sex. But sex can be so healing. Billy has been called a freak his whole life for the sex he enjoys. He has had to walk on eggshells to get it. He's been ashamed of it. But with Steve, sex felt so natural and safe and anything but something to be ashamed of. On top of that, knowing he could run to Steve at any given moment and be provided with what he needed made their sex even more therapeutic for Billy. And yeah, Billy might enjoy their conversations after too, but he was even less willing to admit that. Harrington's actually pretty damn funny and really sweet. Billy maybe hates himself for thinking that. He may hate himself even more for not wanting that to leave his life. But he doesn't, so he takes a deep breath. He wills away all the fear he has of exposing himself like this.

"I like you," and, surprisingly, it comes out very genuine, completely unstrained. He says it with conviction even.

Steve's expression is unreadable and Billy dies a little every second he doesn't know what Steve is thinking. "Come over later. I don't care what time. My parents aren't home but you already know that." With that, Steve leaves and Billy is filled with relief and a little turned on.

Billy arrived at Steve's house ready to pounce. Thinking over earlier that day, got him hot as hell fire. Harrington really put him in his place. He had Billy cornered and got what he wanted out of him. He liked that assertive side of Steve and needed more of it.

Steve opened the door and Billy rushed him. They made their way upstairs with their lips locked and shedding their clothes. By the time—which wasn't long at all—they got to Steve's room, they were both fully naked.

"What do you want?" Steve asked, breaking the kiss momentarily. It was always Billy's choice and he appreciated Steve for that.

"Your dick," Billy replied. Steve kissed him once more before turning him around and slapping his ass, his language for "get on the bed." Billy did just that. He laid on his back, feet flat on the mattress, knees slightly parted.

Steve settled between Billy's legs and leaned over to grab the lube from the night stand. After coating his fingers generously, he brought one down to Billy's puckering hole. Damn that boy was eager. "Come on, pretty boy I can take it," Billy groans a little. Steve adds another finger. Billy grimaced a little and dropped his legs on their sides. Steve twisted his fingers to that spot inside of Billy he had memorized since the first time they did this. Billy's toes curled and he whined a little. Steve smirked at that but didn't say anything, seeing as the last time he poked at fun Billy for his—as Steve called them—'desperate little whimpers', Billy actually stopped in the middle of riding him and refused to continue. He just sat there, his full weight holding down Steve's body, and clenched around him until Steve was a writhing mess. If Steve bucked up into him, Billy slid off his dick a little more. "Who's desperate now, bitch?" he'd said. Steve wasn't really in the mood to be tortured today, but he had to indulge a little bit.

Steve worked up to three fingers before slicking his dick and aligning it with Billy's entrance. Billy's toes were curled and his face flushed, Steve's smirk was ever present. "Wipe that fuckin' smirk off your face." Billy bit his bottom lip and threw his head back as Steve pushed into him slowly. Steve's dick always did shut him up. Bottomed out, Steve lowered himself until they were chest to chest, heat radiating

off of one another. "Say it again," Steve whispered, lips against Billy's. He kissed him softly but deeply.

"Stoop," Billy laughs turning his head away.

"Come on," Steve whispers in his ear. "It turns me on." He kisses Billy's neck. Billy arches into the touch, then turns his head back and looks Steve in the eyes.

"I like you," he moans, turned on by the feeling of being so full and that demanding side of Steve.

Steve groaned and started thrusting hard. Billy moaned again, Steve going right to that spot.

"I like you," he said again, like a fucking pornstar and Steve could no longer contain himself. He lifted himself up onto his hands and pounded into Billy, whose legs spread wider.

"I like you, Steve," Billy moaned again bringing a hand up to grab Steve's hair and the other to pinch his nipple. Steve lowered himself onto his forearms and ran a hand up Billy's side to cup his face. They kissed and it was filthy, all tongue but sent waves of pleasure straight to their dicks. Steve was sure this was the hardest he'd ever fucked Billy and he fucks Billy hard a lot; the other boy being surprisingly submissive in bed even when he's on top sometimes.

Billy looked completely sinful, his arms above his head, his back arched off the bed, thighs strained as he pushed his ass into Steve's thrusts. Steve kissed Billy's exposed neck and chest all over.

"Ugh," Billy groaned. "I like you," he said breathless at this point.

"Yeah, baby?" Steve moaned just as breathless, but he'd be damned if he slowed down now. The pet name drove Billy crazy.

"Yeah, baby," Billy responded from deep within his throat. Billy's dick was leaking all over his toned stomach but he knew better than to touch it. He grabbed Steve's face with one hand and brought the other down between their thighs to massage Steve's balls to keep busy so he didn't touch himself. Steve let out an "oh" and finally grabbed Billy's dick, his thrusts becoming erratic.

“Mmm I like you,” Billy moaned as he spilled over Steve’s hand. Steve came right behind him, his warm, thick seed coming in ropes inside Billy. They kissed through it.

Steve plopped on top of Billy and they stayed there for a while, catching their breath. When they did, Steve pulled out carefully and kissed Billy sweetly, cupping his face while Billy stroked his hair.

“I like you too, baby.”

Author's Note:

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